

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:  
So farewell.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated skye  
Gives vs free scope, onely doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we our selues are dull.  
What power is it, which mounts my loue to hie,  
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings  
To toyne like, likes; and kisse like natiue things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their paines in fence, and do suppose  
What hath bene, cannot be. Who euer stroue  
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?  
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,  
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

*Flourish Cornets.*  
*Enter the King of France with Letters, and*  
*diuers Attendants.*

*King.* The Florentines and Senoys are by th' eares,  
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue  
A brauing warre.

*1. Lo. G.* So tis reported sir.

*King.* Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,  
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cousin Austria,  
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs  
For speedie ayde: wherein our dearest friend  
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme  
To haue vs make deniall.

*1. Lo. G.* His loue and wisdom  
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may please  
For amplest credence.

*King.* He hath arm'd our answer,  
And Florence is deni'd before he comes:  
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see  
The Tuscan seruice, freely haue they leaue  
To stand on either part.

*2. Lo. E.* It well may serue  
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke  
For breathing, and exploit.

*King.* What's he comes heere.

*Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.*

*1. Lo. G.* It is the Count Rosignoll my good Lord,  
Yong Bertram.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,  
Franke Nature rather curious then in haist  
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts  
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.

*Ber.* My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

*King.* I would I had that corporall foundnesse now,  
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship  
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre  
Into the seruice of the time, and was  
Disciplin'd of the brauest. He lasted long,  
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,  
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me  
To talke of your good father; in his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well obserue  
To day in our yong Lords: but they may leif  
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted  
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:  
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,  
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour  
Clocked to it selfe, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speake: and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,  
He vs'd as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,  
Making them proud of his humilitie,  
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man  
Might be a copie to these yonger times;  
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now  
But goes backward.

*Ber.* His good remembrance sir  
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:  
So in approu'd lines not his Epitaph,  
As in your royall speech.

*King.* Would I were with him he would alwaies say,  
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plaustue words  
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them  
To grow there and to beare: Let me not lue,  
This his good melancholly oft began  
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime  
When it was out: Let me not lue (quoth hee)  
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the snuffe  
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiu senses  
All but new things disdain; whose iudgements are  
Meere fathers of their garments; whose constancies  
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.  
I after him, do after him with too:  
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolued from my hie  
To giue some Labourers roome.

*1. 2. E.* You'r loued Sir,  
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

*King.* I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count  
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?  
He was much fam'd.

*Ber.* Some six moneths since my Lord.

*King.* If he were liuing, I would try him yet,  
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out  
With feuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse  
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,  
My sonne's no deerer.

*Ber.* Thanke your Maiesty. *Exit*

*Flourish.*

*Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.*

*Count.* I will now heare, what say you of this gentle  
woman.

*Stew.* Madding the care I haue had to euen your con-  
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past  
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make  
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues  
we publish them.

*Count.* What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone  
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-  
leeue, 'tis my shewnesse that I doe not: For I know you  
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough  
to make such knaueries yours.

*Clow.* 'Tis not vnkown to you Madam, I am a poore  
fellow.

*Count.* Well sir.

*Clow.* No madding,  
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie

of the rich are damnd, but if I may haue your Ladiships  
good will to goe to the world, I sell the woma and w  
will doe as we may.

*Count.* Wilt thou needes be a begger?

*Clow.* I doe beg your good will in this case.

*Count.* In what case?

*Clow.* In Isbells case and mine owne: seruice is no heri-  
tage, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,  
till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blei-  
sings.

*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

*Clow.* My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen  
on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell  
drines.

*Count.* Is this all your worships reason?

*Clow.* Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as  
they are.

*Count.* May the world know them?

*Clow.* I haue bene Madam a wicked creatre, as you  
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that  
I may repent.

*Count.* Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

*Clow.* I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue  
friends for my wines sake.

*Count.* Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

*Clow.* Yare shallow Madam in great friends, for the  
knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of:  
he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee  
leau to lne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my  
drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of  
my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and  
blood, is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my  
friend: if men could be contented to be what they are,  
there were no feare in marriage, for yong Charbon the  
Puritan, and old Posam the Papist, how somere their  
heartes are feuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one,  
they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

*Count.* Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calum-  
nious knaue?

*Clow.* A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the  
next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full  
true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your  
Cuckow sings by kinde.

*Count.* Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

*Stew.* May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen*  
come to you, of her I am to speake.

*Count.* Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with  
her, *Hellen* I meane.

*Clow.* Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy,

Fond done, done, fond was this King Priams ioy,

With that she sigh'd as she stood, *bis*  
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be  
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one  
good in ten.

*Count.* What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song  
sirra.

*Clow.* One good woman in ten Madam, which is a pu-  
rifying ath' song: would God would serue the world fo  
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman  
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might  
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,  
or at an earthquake, twould mend the Lotteriewell, a  
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

*Count.* Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command  
you?

*Clow.* That man should be at womans command, and  
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet  
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie  
ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am go-  
ing forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

*Exit.*

*Count.* Well now.

*Stew.* I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman  
intirely.

*Count.* Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,  
and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfull-  
lie make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is  
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid  
her then shee demand.

*Stew.* Madam, I was verie late more neere her then  
I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did  
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her  
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they  
toucht not anie stranger fence, her matter was, shee  
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no god-  
desse, that had put such difference betwixt their two  
estates: I loue no god, that would not extend his might  
onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir-  
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd  
without rescue in the first assault or ranome after-  
ward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of  
sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held  
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in  
the losse that may happen, it concernes you something  
to know it.

*Count.* You haue discharg'd this honestie, keepe it  
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this  
before, which hung so tottering in the ballance, that  
I could neither belceue nor misdoubt: praie you  
leau mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke  
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-  
ther anon. *Exit Steward.*

*Enter Hellen.*

*Old. Count.* Euen so it was with me when I was yong:  
If euer we are natures, these are ours, this thorne  
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong  
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,  
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,  
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,  
By our remembrances of daies forgon,  
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,  
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

*Hell.* What is your pleasure Madam?

*Ol. Count.* You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

*Hell.* Mine honorable Mistris.

*Ol. Count.* Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I  
fed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,  
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,  
And put you in the Catalogue of those  
That were enwomb'd mine, 'tis often seene  
Adoption strives with nature, and choise breeds  
A natiue slip to vs from forraine seedes:  
You nere oppress me with a mothers groane,  
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,  
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood  
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet?

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